



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

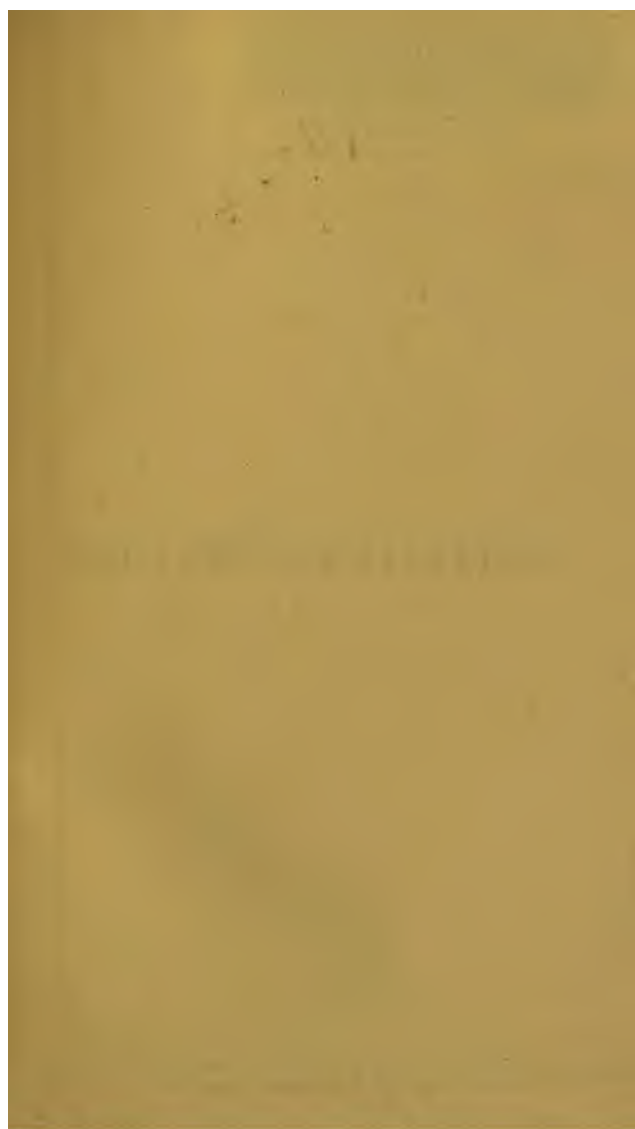
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



42.

686.





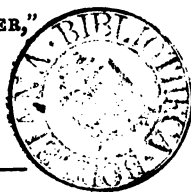
600053952U

THOUGHTS ON SALVATION.

THOUGHTS
ON
SALVATION.

BY THOMAS RAGG,

AUTHOR OF "THE DRIFT," "THE MARTYR OF
VERULAM," "HERBER,"
&c. &c.



LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, AND CO.,
RAGG AND CO., BIRMINGHAM.

1842.

686. ~~688~~

S. RAGO, PRINTER, SPICEAL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

D E D I C A T I O N.

TO THE REV. J. H. BROWNE, M.A., ARCH-
DEACON OF ELY, &c. &c.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

THE many acts of kindness I have received from you, and the interest you took in my literary and spiritual advancement when I first emerged from within the walls of a Factory, demand some tribute of grateful remembrance. I therefore beg respectfully to dedicate to you the following pages, not doubting but you will approve the sentiments they contain, however far my language may fall short of the glorious theme I have chosen.

I am,

Rev. Sir,

With a grateful remembrance of past favours,
Your obedient humble Servant,

THOMAS RAGG.

Birmingham, April 22, 1842.



P R E F A C E.

THE prejudice which has long existed in many minds against Poetical Prose, has hitherto deterred me from publishing anything, save one small piece called "The Departing Pilgrim," in that, my favourite style. I conceive, however, that I see symptoms of the departure of that prejudice in the success which CARLYLE and others have met with. If such a style is appropriate to any subject it is to a religious one, for it appeals to the heart and affections, which, rather than the intellect, are the seat of religion; whatever metaphysicians may write to the contrary. The language of Scripture is not "Son, give me thy head," but "Son, give me thy heart!" Such as they are, I send forth these "Thoughts" into the world, conscious that HE who with a worm can "thresh the mountains," can, if HE pleases, make them a blessing.

T. R.

Birmingham, April 22, 1842.

INDEX.

THOUGHTS ON SALVATION,

	Page
CHAP. I.—Its Necessity.....	11
— II.—Its Accomplishment.....	25
— III.—Its Application	43
— IV.—Its Consummation.....	55
Conclusion	67
Hymn.....	73

THOUGHTS ON SALVATION.

CHAPTER I.

ITS NECESSITY.

"Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

MILTON.



THOUGHTS ON SALVATION.

CHAPTER I.

ITS NECESSITY.

“By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.”—Romans, v, 12.

How beautiful was this creation when it first came forth from the hand of the Eternal! gilded with the bright beams of heavenly love, it then reflected back the splendours of God's throne and all the sweets of Eden rose as incense to the skies. Then the flowers bloomed not to decay; the withered bosom of decay; to be placed as in mockery in the hands of a corpse; or, like the false hopes of man, burst even while unfolding. Then the leaves hung on the trees in perennial

greenness, and withered not to fall into the dust ; or with their rustling voice, as wafted by the evening breeze, to whisper "death." But *by one man's transgression sin came into the world, and death by sin* ; and death stands up like a tall spectre between God and his creation, between the earth and the bright sun of righteousness, eclipsing totally that sun's resplendant beams, and casting his dark, his gloomy shadow over all things. Thus all the nations of men, yea, and all the inanimate beauties of this fallen world, may well be said to be involved in the shadow of death.

Man was made (the book of Genesis informs us) *in the image of God, and to him was given dominion*. He was a king, with earth for his domain, held by one small tribute of obedience under the King of Kings. But his sceptre was a sceptre of righteousness, and the moment that sceptre was broken, the crown tumbled down from his head, and "flat sunk into the bowels of the earth," fell prostrate all his pristine glory. In vain he seeks to hide himself from the peering eye of the Omniscient One. Summoned into his presence, the guilty culprit with his own mouth

makes confession of disobedience, and hears the curse of disobedience pronounced upon him—"dying, thou shalt die!" But sing, oh, heavens! and rejoice, oh, earth! burst forth into songs, oh, ye mountains! let the hills rejoice in hope, though their verdure is decayed! Mercy rejoices over judgment! The same lips that spake the curse gave also the promised blessing, that *the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head.*

How is the mighty fallen! Where now is his crown? Where now is his kingdom? Let him walk through the forests that once composed a part of his dominions. Will the lion, will the wolf, will the tiger come forth from his lair and greet with wagging tail their once great monarch? Oh, no! they will meet him with a surly growl, that shakes his soul; they will snap at the hand which once they licked in token of reverence; they will seize him by the throat, as the traitor whose sin has destroyed the harmony of the world. Wherever he goes he is defied—the beasts of the forest refuse to acknowledge his sovereignty—the birds of the air fly from him in dismay—the passive cattle will often deny his

claim to rule over them—the bee, the wasp, the very ant salutes him with a sting—

“ And e'en the gnat, that flutters in the beams
Of summer suns, can steal his life away.
How is the mighty fallen !”

Nature, both animate and inanimate, declares his defalcation. If we lift up our eyes to heaven, heaven tells it in the voice of its bellowing thunders, while the hissing bolt that leaps from the impending cloud very often is a messenger of death. If we turn them down again upon the earth, earth brings forth its thorns and briars, to lacerate our feet as we go forward on our journey ; it brings forth its noxious weeds, to distil a drop of poison into every cup of joy. If we turn them round upon the ocean, how often does it deny his sovereignty when, raging with tempestuous fury, it seizes the floating castles he was conveying over its bosom, and drags down its shrieking victims to destruction. If we gaze even on the mountains, those emblems of stability, very many of them may be seen raging with volcanic fury, belching forth flames with an horrific appearance, and vomiting out their boiling en-

trails in wide streams of liquid fire. All creation testifies of our transgression. All creation with united voice exclaims—"the glory is departed ! man is fallen !"

But why need we wander thus far for evidences of our fall, when we have them all around us in the prevalence of the great destroyer ? Have we never felt the keen assaults of pain ? Have we never seen the goodly frame of man fall subject to decay ? the countenance that once beamed bright with glory, and was crowned with a diadem of innocence and truth, distorted by wild and contending emotions ? The writhe of agony—the quick start of keen sensation—the knit brow of terror—the pallid hue of fear—the thrill of horror—and the cold, sad sinking of despair—oh, these are the effects of sin.

But we have seen more than these ; we have seen the yellow tinge of dissolution steal softly over that once god-like form ; we have seen it prostrate and motionless, sleeping the long sleep of death. The limbs still preserved their symmetry, and were, if it rested with them, capable of their usual functions. The brain still remained, and some moments past was in full and

perfect exercise. The heart retained its position in the system, where late it had urged on the lagging tides; but life, inherent life, was gone. That frame has known the full force of Jehovah's declaration—"dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return;" and away it is borne into the grave-yard, where we behold all around us inscribed upon tablets of stone—"here lieth the body of one slain by the common enemy of nature." But man, forgetting his birth-right, immortality, may conceive these to be but common accidents of life. The grass withers—the flowers decay—the leaves of the forest fall—the oaks that resisted the tempest become the prey of years; and why should man remain? Yet, why should children perish?—why should the hand of time crush them before their vigour is attained?—Why should night tread upon the heels of morning?—Why should the bud burst before it is unfolded, and o'er the opening eyes of infancy descend the clouds of death?—*Oh! sin hath come into the world, and death by sin. And death hath reigned from Adam unto Moses, and from Moses until now, even over those who have committed no actual*

crime; *over those who have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression.*

But see we no greater evils than these in the things that are around us? Oh! what is temporal, compared with spiritual death? How parched is the lip of man; how high burns the fever of his thirst after happiness and enjoyment, as he runs from cistern to cistern that can hold no water, and seeks to slake that burning thirst in vain. He has forsaken the Fountain of living waters, the Source of goodness, and knows not where to turn for the enjoyment he has lost. In the madness of his heart he seeks it in the gratification of sinful desires, as though he would escape the pangs of death, by eating of the fruits of death; for the fruit of spiritual death is sin. Oh, look around, and see the rage of sin. Whence come strifes and divisions?—whence battle and murder?—whence dishonesty and oppression? Why is it that the history of our world is little better than a black catalogue of crime, and earth itself a spiritual charnel-house, whose dank vapours almost extinguish the light of holiness and love? Why, but that spiritual death has passed upon us!

Man feels that he is fallen—that the curse of God is upon him—and likes not to retain God in his thoughts. Yea, he seeks to cast him out of the world he has created. He drinks deeply of the poisoned stream of INFIDELITY ; and by the very perfection of creation, which shows forth in its fullness the wisdom of the Great First Cause, attempts to prove that no such cause exists. Oh, sad perversion of intellectual greatness ! How has the gold become dross, and how has the fine gold changed ! How is the mighty fallen !

Need we still further proofs of spiritual death Alas ! alas ! the world is not slack in affording them. There is ONE *who sitteth on the throne of the Cæsars, red with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus*, yet proclaims herself the vicegerent of the Highest. Ah ! woe are they whose bread has been tainted by mephitic vapours, and for whom poison is mixed with their necessary food. But greater woe is theirs who taint the bread and mix with food the poison. *It is necessary that offences should come, but woe unto them by whom they come !* Oh, worse, in some respects, than INFIDEL is the policy of ROME ! The IN-

FIDEL denies the authority of God; the APOSTACY makes void that authority by teaching as His the commandments of men. The INFIDEL, in the pride of his heart, refuses to worship the Creator of all things; the APOSTACY, in its baseness, pays worship to the creatures of his hand. The INFIDEL refuses to drink of the life-stream of blessedness; the APOSTACY has poisoned that life-stream at its source, that they who drink may die. And need we further proof of spiritual death? Alas! alas! the beauties of God's providence, and the blessings of his grace have alike become perverted. The fruits of the garden of Eden are become bitterness and ashes; and they who turn from them in anguish, and seek for that of the tree of life, are supplied with tainted viands, grown in the atmosphere of death. A ransom was found to release the poor outcast from his bondage; but the very sword of freedom which was placed in his hand, hath, by the craftiness of Satan, been forged into fetters to bind him with once more. How is the mighty fallen!

"Sin," saith the wise man, "is like the letting out of water; we know the beginning, but we

know not the end thereof." Oh, what is the end of sin ? oh, what the end of the sinner ?

" If death were nothing, and nought after death ;
If when we died, at once we ceased to be—
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
From whence we sprung, then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heavens ; then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis out
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear death."

But temporal and spiritual death are only the beginning of sorrows ; they are only the prelude to death eternal. " The drizzling rain of heaven's loud uttered curse" beats down upon us here ; but the full violence of the storm can only be known hereafter. Here we taste of pain, sickness, and sorrow ; but these are only an earnest of the torments of the lost. Here the discouraging clouds of confusion overhang us, and man wanders to and fro in uncertainty, without hope, and without God in the world ; there the blackness of darkness dwelleth for ever and ever, amid the smoke of torment, and the cry of anguish and despair. But hark ! the trumpet of the Gospel sounds ! It thunders through the depths of chaos, and shakes the very pillars of Gehenna—the moral

darkness of the world is vanishing—the kingdom of death is shaken—the clouds of confusion are passing away—the air is pregnant with the symphonies of angels—the day-spring appears in the east—and on Calvary's summit is written in characters of blood, "ETERNAL LIFE !"

THOUGHTS ON SALVATION.

CHAPTER II.

ITS ACCOMPLISHMENT.

“ How God and Man did both embrace each other,
Met in one person, Heaven and Earth did kiss;
And how a Virgin did become a Mother,
And bore that Son, who the world's Father is,
And Maker of his Mother ; and how bliss
Descended from the bosom of the high
To clothe himself in naked misery,—
Sailing at length to Heaven, in Earth, triumphantly!”

FLETCHER.

THOUGHTS ON SALVATION.

CHAPTER II.

ITS ACCOMPLISHMENT.

“ Who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.”—Rom. iv. 25.

WHAT sound is that which moves upon the evening breeze? 'Tis the voice of entrancing music! Soft and melodious, yet deep and solemn, it breaks on the still pause of nature, the hush of night. Wider and wider it spreads, till the whole heaven is filled with harmony. And hark! above the echo of symphonious notes, the voice of the archangel loud proclaims—“*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men!*”

And what marvel is this that is thus ushered in with songs of angels? Hath God, the righteous One, forgotten his indignation against sin? Can he, whose name is Holiness, in compassion for the guilty, break the rod of Justice, and cast its balances away? "Good-will towards man!" the lost, the ruined! the rebel against his Creator, who has hurled the spear of defiance at his throne! "Good-will towards man!" who murdered the prophets of the Highest, set His threats and His promises equally at nought, and would not have Him to reign over him! "Good-will towards man!" who is even now enduring the punishment of transgression, in want, and sickness, and sorrow, and accumulated misery and death! Will God, then, forget the denunciations of his wrath, repent him of his holiness, and embrace impurity at last? No! "*Mercy and truth have met together! righteousness and peace have kissed each other!*" A ransom is found! The Mighty One is come down to redeem us! His own arm hath brought salvation! "*Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given! His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God! the Everlasting*

Father! the Prince of Peace!" Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Well may angelic throngs fill heaven with notes of rapture. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good-will towards men!"

But is it possible? Hath God indeed been thus gracious to his fallen creation? Would he leave his throne in ineffable glory to make earth his habitation? and this to redeem from death the objects of his righteous indignation? Yea, *"he who was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich!"* Yea, the Monarch of the skies has become a sojourner on earth! The King of Glory hath laid aside his starry crown to twine around his brows a crown of thorns! The Majesty of heaven hath laid aside the robes of his dominion, to clothe himself in the garments of mortality! The Prince of Peace has come to endure strife and anguish, that peace may be the inheritance of those over whom hangs the doom of everlasting woe. Yea, immortality embraces mortality; life yields itself to die, that death may live for ever!

And why is this display of ineffable goodness ? It is because the cry of repentant man ascending to His throne, moved to pity the Author of his being ? Is it because the lost sheep are seeking the fold of the Good Shepherd ; because the lost sinner is burning with anxiety to return to the God he has forsaken ? Oh, no ! Still wandering in darkness, he loveth the bondage of Satan—

“ He fancies music in his chains,
And so forgets their load.”

Oh, no, it is for LOVE that the Eternal comes to earth—“ *not willing that any should perish, but rather that all should turn to him and live.*” It is love which cannot endure one black spot on his creation, or that one world amid the millions which surround him should be tainted with the leprosy of sin. For this it is that the Creator stoops to creatureship ; the Lord of Life becomes the bonds slave of death ; and eternity is poured into the narrow stream of time.

He comes as a REDEEMER, “ *made under the law, to redeem those that are under the law ;*” he

comes to fulfil its obligations and endure its curses, that his brethren, the children of Adam, may be free.

He comes as a DELIVERER. From the yoke of bondage, from the prison of the grave, and from the regions of everlasting misery, he comes to deliver his people. "*Save them, save them !*" cries a voice, "*from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom.*" He bears the curse ; he endures the withdrawment of his Father's love ; he drinks up the dregs of the cup of bitterness. But not for himself are these afflictions thus endured. "*He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed.*"

He comes as a RENOVATOR. "*His name was called Jesus, because he should save his people from their sins.*" He comes to restore to a lost world its pristine light and beauty ; to place man in his right position on the earth, and the earth in its right position in the universe. He brings with him the gales of heaven, to purify the polluted atmosphere of earth. He brings with him the light of holiness and love, to irradiate the

moral darkness of mankind. Assimilating all things to himself, he extends the reign of holiness around ; still urging through the world his new-creating way "*till all things shall be gathered into one—one fold, one shepherd, one great all in all.*"

Oh ! love Divine, how great are thy wonders !
Oh ! God of grace, how marvellous are thy ways !
Thou hast clothed the earth with thy goodness ;
thou hast peopled the heavens with the multitude
of thy works. World unto world proclaimeth
thy name, and system unto system telleth thine
infinite majesty ; but here we behold the most
marvellous of thy works. Thou *stoopest* to behold
the things done in the heaven and the earth ;
but here we behold the depths of thy condescen-
sion, where He who created and upholdeth all
things hangeth as a babe upon the breast of
Mary !

What was thy welcome upon earth, Oh ! King
of Kings ? What gorgeous cradle was prepared
for thine infancy, dread Saviour of the world ?
What choral songs besides those of attendant
angels welcomed thine arrival ? Surely all na-
tions prepared to greet thee at thy coming, and

all the treasures of the world were gathered together, as an offering unto thee? Listen for man's echo to the anthems of the skies! Does not every voice in creation swell the chorus, as it comes pealing onward from land to land, and gathers round the palace where he lies? Listen! but vainly do we listen; it is not to be heard! It comes not on the wings of the wind that sweeps hither from afar. It swells not on the breeze that wanders through the streets of Bethlehem! The palace where he lies is no other than a stable! and a manger is the only resting place that man can afford for his Saviour and his God! Yes, angels may rejoice in His incarnation, and hail with rapture his coming triumphs over the powers of darkness; as, stooping over the battlements of heaven, they seek with piercing eye to gaze into the deep mysteries of grace; but man heeds not the Saviour, or the love that has called him from the realms of glory. "*He came to his own, and his own received him not.*" "*He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.*"

What would be said of the condescension of an earthly monarch if he were to leave his throne

for a season, to visit, on a mission of benevolence, the home of poverty and woe? How would the annals of history bear record of his goodness, and speak his praise! And what if he not merely lived with the children of sorrow, but, without any necessity being laid upon him, bore a portion of their sorrows and communed with their woes; yea, and at length, in order to relieve their sufferings, yielded up his life? Such deeds would fill earth with wonder, and stand emblazoned for ever upon the records of time.

But what were the condescension of such a king, compared with the condescension of God? Consider for a moment the extent of his dominion, whose stars bespangle infinitude, every star, perhaps, the centre of a system of worlds! Yet this great King, the creator and governor of all things, hath stooped from the height of His infinitude to become the companion of our sorrows, that He might redeem us at once from sorrow and from death. Imagination is staggered at the thought, and starts back in amazement; yet this is no poetic figure,—no fevered dream,—no picture by fancy's pencil drawn. It is a truth that stands recorded in the word of life; a truth attested by

all the evidence that heaven could give, or earth could ask,—by signs and wonders, by miracles and audible voices from heaven, and by the testimony of unspotted men—that God hath sojourned upon earth in the likeness of man, his brother born for adversity, that he might purchase him joy by his sorrow, and life by his death. *“For inasmuch as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver those who had all their lifetime been subject to bondage.”*

Watch him from the cradle through the whole course of his sojourn upon earth. His life is a life of benevolence. Sickness and pain fly before him. The hungry are fed ; and the sorrowing are relieved. The winds, and the waves—the sea and the earth—obey him ; and death and the grave at his command yield up their prey.

Listen to the doctrines that he teaches. Wisdom floweth from his lips in words of love ; yea, heavenly wisdom, calculated to soothe the sorrows of humanity, to stay the march of crime, and break the bonds of everlasting death.

Humbling are His truths to the pride of nature, as opening up the spirituality of the law of God, he shows how it extends to the thoughts and purposes of the heart, and thus brings in the whole race of man as guilty and depraved. But he leads the penitent sinner back to the God and Father he has offended, and tells of an atonement then soon to be accomplished, by which a way of access will be opened to the Majesty on high.

And mark the example by which his precepts are enforced—the life by which his doctrines are sanctioned. He magnifies the law by fulfilling it for us, and makes it honourable for ever. His life is a life of purity. In the midst of fiery temptations he continues spotless and unstained, a lamb without spot or blemish; thus working out a righteousness for his people to be clothed with, when, feeling their own worthlessness, they fly for help to him, who is their helper and deliverer.

But what new scene of wonder meets my view? Who writhes in yonder garden in anguish which no tongue can describe? Whose voice is that *which breaks the stillness of midnight with*

agonising prayer? Can that be he at whose command the tempest was stayed, and the tumultuous waves of ocean broke in gentle ripples at his feet? Can that be he at whose command the grave gave up its victim, and Lazarus came forth? Can that be he, at whose command the universe sprang out of nothingness, the wild roar of chaos was stayed, and innumerable stars shed their brilliant light over the wide regions of immensity? It is, it is an agonising Saviour! an agonising God! "*The sorrows of death compass him, and the pangs of hell have got hold upon him.*"

HE weeps, in whose smile the universe rejoices! HE groans in sorrow, who hath the resources of the universe at his command! HE sweats great drops of blood in the agony of his soul, to whom angels minister, and to whom, and for whose pleasure all finite things were made! HE bendeth beneath the weight of human crime, whose arm supports the fabric of creation, and who upholdeth all things by the word of his power! Oh, mystery of mysteries! deep mystery of the Saviour's passion! He bows his head to the stroke of justice; the cup of bitterness is

drained for ever. The Prince of Darkness is caught in his own toils; and he who betrayeth the Son of Man with a kiss provideth a ransom for the lost, an all-sufficient sacrifice for the sins of a ruined world.

Behold him! Behold the immaculate Son of the Highest dragged as a malefactor before the bar of a Roman Prætor! Behold him carrying his cross up the hill of Calvary! *“He is led like a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.”*

Behold him! Behold the Creator of all things, stretched and nailed upon a cross by the creatures he has made! What wonders, what deep and unfathomable mysteries are here! The heavenly hosts are filled with dismay! Earth shakes to her centre! The sun turns his bright face away from the scene of blood! But man, heedless of the omens that speak his guilt, derides the sufferings of an agonising Redeemer, who tastes the pangs of death that his murderers may live. Amazing scene! Amazing exhibition of unconquerable love!

“ Had universal nature backward shrunk
Into the barren womb of nothingness.
Had light turned darkness—matter chaos wild—
And order rank confusion—it were nought
To that stupendous scene, where God in flesh
Died for the creature's sin !”

Oh, love divine ! what can exhaust thy fullness ? What can be comparable to thee ? Wounded and bleeding, yet triumphing the more in thy wounds, and in thy blood ! Derided and rejected, yet gathering strength from rejection and derision ! Dying, yet endowed with stronger life in the pangs of dissolution ! How inexhaustible art thou ! Deity itself, in the second person of the Trinity

“ Emptied himself of all but love,”

that the conquest and the triumph of love might be complete ; but thy fountain was never emptied, thy spring was never dry. Thou hast conquered the enmity of sin ! Thou hast made peace between the sinner and his God ! Thou hast broken the bonds of death ! Thou hast quenched the flames of Gehenna ! Thou hast taken captivity captive ; and from the thralldom

of corruption, and moral darkness, and death, and everlasting destruction, has set creation free !

Hark ! to the shout of exultation with which the Saviour yields his spirit—"It is finished !" Its echo passes onward through the regions of immensity, and shakes the foundations of the deep ! Hell hears the echo, and groans from its inmost caverns ; while shouts of admiring rapture swell from the battlements of heaven. It is finished ! it is finished ! The work of atonement is finished ; the propitiatory sacrifice is offered ; the mystery of redemption is complete ! "*Cry unto Zion that her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity is pardoned, and she hath received at the Lord's hand double for all her sins.*"

He descends into the bowels of the earth, that he may undermine the foundations of the throne of Satan ! He is carried into the prison-house of death, that he may pursue the fell monster round every corner of his dreary habitation, and rob him of his sting ! He descends to the chambers of Hades, that he may proclaim "*liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound !*" He is borne to the grave, that he may break down its bulwarks, and

Open a way on its farther side to let its prisoners free!

Victory! victory! Raise the loud shout of victory, ye children of the Lord. Hail from the tomb with notes of exultation the Conqueror whose resurrection is a pledge of yours. He hath given death his death-wound! He hath spoiled principalities and powers, making a show of them openly on his cross! He hath led captivity captive, and received gifts, yea, the gift of salvation, for lost and ruined man!

He comes not tainted with vapours of the charnel-house, but redolent with the fragrant breezes of heaven. Earth feels their glad influence as they pass across her bosom, and blooms like the garden of Eden. Glad tidings are proclaimed over her hills and vallies—glad tidings of salvation now accomplished! The winds bear them onward in their course amidst shouts of welcome and resounding hallelujahs; while in heaven a higher anthem rises, and from ten thousand harps and ten thousand thousand voices swells the extatic chorus—“*Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, that the King of Glory may come in!*”

THOUGHTS ON SALVATION.

CHAPTER III.

ITS APPLICATION.

“ But whence this precious faith ? and how obtained ?
’Tis not in man, nor of him, but the gift
Of God ; who sends his gracious spirit down
To fill the realms above with holy guests,
Selected from the sinful race of man,
And taught by Him the knowledge of themselves
And of their gracious Lord. • • • •
No other teacher knows the mind of Christ ;
Nor can his mind communicate, like Him
Who is with Christ and with his Father one.”

SWAIN.

THOUGHTS ON SALVATION.

CHAPTER III.

ITS APPLICATION.

“ But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me.”—John xv. 26.

HOPE for the desolate, and comfort for the woe-worn, yea, everlasting consolation for the lorn children of sorrow—these are some of the blessings which Jesus died to purchase. The world is a valley of weeping; its sunshine is evanescent; its pleasures are cankered by care; and its hopes end in disappointment. Its paths, though bordered with flowers, which for a time look lovely, lead down to the habitation of death.

One who tasted of all its honours and enjoyments, casting back upon his life a retrospective glance, in words of the truest wisdom exclaimed, "*All is vanity and vexation of spirit!*"

And why is this? Why should the creatures of God's hand be thus subjected to disappointment and distress—to pain, and suffering, and sorrow? Why should every flower that sparkles in our path wither and die while we are gazing upon it with admiration? Why should the very comforts of our life become our curses, and the joyous smile that lights up our features in the hours of hilarity only be the prelude of tears? It is because sin hath polluted the atmosphere of earth, and impregnated its breezes with death. It is because man hath forsaken Him whose smile is the life of creation, the fountain of its joy. Yea, strange and paradoxical as the declaration may appear, it is because God is love, because God is a God of mercy. He knows that in a state of estrangement from him eternal death must be our portion. He knows, too, that our souls cleave unto the dust—that the things of time and sense lay too much hold upon our affections; and thus hath he ordained that the bitterness of

sin should be an antidote to its fancied pleasures ; that a drop of poison should be distilled into every cup of earthly joy ; and that he who searcheth for happiness shall find it alone in His reconciled and reconciling smile.

The opening eye of infancy gazes around upon the world with exultation and delight, and childhood increases the raptures which infancy awoke. The ardour of the buoyant spirits spreads a halo round all things, illumining even the precincts of the tomb ; and every object appears beautiful and glistening. Youth partakes of the ardour of childhood, but it fulfils not its promises ; and still less doth manhood fulfil the promises of youth. Then care and disappointment dog our way, and cheat us of our promised blessings. The flowers of hope wither without bringing forth the fruits of joy, and every blessing in prospect proves only a phantom, which vanishes as we seek to grasp it.

Then often the weary child of Adam, convinced of sin by tasting of its fruits, seeks for more enduring pleasures than this world can afford. Tired of the illusive witcheries which entice but to deceive, he flies to Calvary, " the meeting

place for God and sinners," and tasting of the pure joys of salvation, bathes his long vexed and disappointed spirit in the fountain of ineffable love.

But oftener, alas! disappointment only increases his thirst after enjoyment. He still pursues shadow after shadow, in search of good, but findeth it not; and at length, wearied and sorely troubled, lays his head upon the bosom of the creature, hoping there to find rest.

And does he find it? oh, no! There are thorns in that bosom—they pierce him—his head aches. Again he lifts it in agony from his thorny pillow, and finds no rest on earth, unless he hears the voice of Him who exclaims, "*Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" With Him he finds rest indeed, rest everlasting; and once embracing Him, becomes comparatively careless of the things of earth, *looking for a better country, even an heavenly.*

Diverse are the ways which the Holy Spirit useth to bring man to the knowledge of the truth, but by every one he convinceth of sin, and of the necessity of salvation. The heavenly wind

bloweth not always alike ; sometimes it roareth in the voice of the tempest, pregnant with the thunders of Sinai ; sometimes its gales are the gentle gales of love, soft as the breath of summer's eve,

“ That shuts the rose ;”

But whether he frighteth with the thunders of the law, and beareth conviction in its curses,—or whether he draweth with the cords of love, his work is still the same—to convince man of his ruined state, and bring him to the Saviour.

And how great is the change which He works, when, as the spirit of adoption, He takes possession of the heart. They who looked upon God as their judge, and sought by every means to hide them from his frown, now behold as adorable the glorious object which once they shunned ; and lifting their eyes to heaven, with tears of contrition and gratitude, cry “ Abba, Father !” The whole world becomes changed with the change in their views of Deity. Faith realises the blessings of salvation. Doubt and distress give place to hope ; and fear to confiding and rejoicing love. The heart and affections are engaged in the ser-

vice of one from whom once they were utterly estranged. Thought finds itself new currents, and flows rapidly through scenes of everlasting beauty; yea, *old things are passed away; behold, all things become new*: and the soul, receiving new vigour from the blessings it hath gained, rejoices in works of righteousness, and offers their sweets as incense to the skies. So the parched and arid plain, whose verdure was utterly consumed—when the rains of heaven descend upon it in their freshness, receiving new vigour through their influence,—crowns itself again with a chaplet of flowers, and laughs rejoicing in those very beams by which late it was scorched and withered.

“Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” So saith the Apostle to the Gentiles, in his epistle to the Church at Corinth: There is liberty from fear of condemnation, for the sinner looks upon Jesus as having already suffered the penalty of sin for all who believe on his name, and perfect love casteth out fear. *“There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit; for the law of the spirit of*

life in Christ Jesus hath set us free from the law of sin and death. Condemned, indeed, he felt himself to be, but the sentence of condemnation hath been borne by another in his stead; and while faith grasps the atoning sacrifice, he looks upward without fear. Yea, the darkness of heaven already is vanishing, the shadows of death are departing; and though the tempest of the curse is still beating on the earth, the rainbow of God's promise spans the arch above, and the sun of immortality, peeping through broken clouds, gilds them with rays of glory.

There is liberty from sin. Sin hath no more dominion over those *who are not under the law but under grace, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.* They have not, indeed, a resurrection body, pure as that in which the Redeemer sits on his mediatorial throne; but they have a resurrection spirit, whose vital breath is holiness. The world may entice and seek to ensnare them, but they have no pleasure in its joys. They have caught a glimpse of a brighter region, and *its* glories entrance them no more. Yet their taste for pleasure is not blunted but refined; they despise not the earth

or the blessings it produces, because they cannot luxuriate in Paradisaical fullness ; but gladly inhaling the remaining odours of Eden's flowers, and rejoicing in their few tints of loveliness, they look forward with rapture to a land of perfect purity, when their body, renewed like their spirit by the power of the Highest, shall be impregnable to sin, and where trial and temptation shall be known no longer, but salvation be complete.

There is liberty of access to God, and liberty in his worship. The child is not a stranger, and meets not with a stranger's welcome. The arms of everlasting love are open to receive him ; and, when weary with trial or affliction, he lays his head to rest upon the bosom of his God. When he joineth in the prayers of the congregated Church, his is no cold and formal response, for he feels that the God he addresses is his father and his friend. When he lifts up his voice in secret to his Lord, he knows that he is addressing One who is conscious of his wants, and has sympathy with his sorrows, for there is no path of sorrow in which he is called to tread but Jesus

hath trodden it before him, and moistened it with his tears.

Such is the liberty of the Christian—such are the blessings resulting from the application of salvation to the soul by the spirit of all truth. The blood of the atonement, which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel, tells him of the love of a reconciled God. It tells him that justice is satisfied, the law of God is honoured, and sin is pardoned. It tells him that mercy hath broken the thunderbolts of vengeance, and the tears of a Redeemer have quenched on his behalf the flames of hell. It tells him that the last enemy is conquered, that death itself is destroyed; for the shout of “victory” has been raised on the borders of the tomb, when its adamantine pillars were broken, and its victorious prisoner rose in triumph to the skies. It brings life and immortality to light, through the gospel, and throws a glimpse of the sunlight of eternity over the cold regions of time.

THOUGHTS ON SALVATION.

CHAPTER IV.

ITS CONSUMMATION.

“ And see!

’Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of Heaven and Earth! Awakening Nature hears
The new creating word, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free!”

THOMSON.



.

.

.

.

THOUGHTS ON SALVATION.

CHAPTER IV.

ITS CONSUMMATION.

“For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.”—1 Cor. xv. 25.

THOUGH the great warfare of the Christian is accomplished, and his iniquity is pardoned, yet there is a warfare which only commences on the application of the blood of Jesus to the soul—the warfare of flesh and spirit. The spirit is perfectly renewed after the image of God, rejoicing in holiness and love ; but its rejoicing is frequently broken, and its visions of love are often interrupted through its union with a body of sin. Like the moon, it would always be shedding

around the reflected beams of the Sun of Righteousness, but its beams are frequently, yea generally, obscured by murky clouds that let them in their passage.

But what was that exclamation which met my ear, triumphant in its tone, though feeble, and interrupted by the stifled breath that tells of the keen assault of pain?—" *For I know that if my earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*" It is the exclamation of a dying Christian when writhing upon a bed of agony! Yes, here we behold in their perfection the fruits of faith in the holy resignation, the enduring patience, the confiding trust, and the joyful anticipation of the departing hour. The ties of nature and kindred, how strong soever they might be, are broken like webs of gossamer; and amidst the weeping throng it is the sufferer only that weeps not, conscious that their loss will be his eternal gain. The vain dreams of earth now haunt him no longer; he has bid adieu at once to its pleasures and its cares. He can indeed look back with thankfulness upon past blessings, as he casts a retrospective glance on

the way by which the Lord hath led him ; but what once were his pleasures now seem scarcely worthy of the name, for he hath caught a glimpse of the sunshine of immortality, which eclipses the glory of the brightest scenes of time. The body of sin and death, which so often brought him into captivity, and caused him to hang his harp upon the willows, is loosing its hold upon him. Its fetters are slackened, though not broken. He hath breathed a purer and a more untainted air, and its freshness hath given him a distaste for earth's mephitic vapours. For the fever of death hath been fanned by the reviving breezes of heaven, and the soul, enjoying their freshness and their odours, longs to breathe them in their fulness and for ever.

He dies—he enters into life everlasting and ever lovely. What sounds of rejoicing burst upon his ear, glad echoes of the anthems of heaven ? 'Tis the praise of earth's Redeemer and heaven's eternal King. He joins in the raptures of the invisible world, and reverberates its notes of joy.

“Glory ! glory ! The bonds of the earth are broken, and suffering is exchanged for blessed-

ness and peace. I will praise thee, oh God, my Redeemer! I will praise thee for salvation now accomplished! I will praise thy great name for ever! The dark stream of time is crossed, and my bark is safely landed on the shore of immortality! The rocks and the quicksands are passed! I am safe in Christ, for ever!

“Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! Let the harps of eternity awake! Let the music of all worlds be poured forth; let the voices of the spheres join the anthem of his praise. The fountains of immortality shall not fail at their springs. The voice of song shall not be hushed for ever. I shall dwell in thy presence, oh God, my Redeemer. I shall bask in the fulness of thy glory. Amid the ranks of thy shining ones, amid the spirits of the just made perfect, I shall evermore dwell to praise thee! hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!”

From the Church militant to the Church expectant—from a world of trouble to a world of rest—thus one after another is passing away. Thus God is accomplishing the number of his elect, and hastening the time of the restitution of *all things*. **THIS IS THE CONSUMMATION OF THE**

SALVATION OF THE SPIRIT; but this is not the completion of salvation. Too often doth man underrate the glory which he is heir to. He looks to escape from a body of sin and death as the great end of the Redeemer's work, forgetting that the separation of soul and body is a part of the curse of sin. Not such was the Apostle's expectation, he longed "*not to be unclothed, but to be clothed upon, that mortality may be swallowed up of life.*" Yes, dust may return into dust, but, "*sown in corruption, it shall be raised in incorruption.*" The groaning and travailing of creation, the earnest waiting of the creature shall have its answer, *to wit, the redemption of the body.* The day of the resurrection is approaching. The wheels of time and providence move surely though slowly on their way. The resurrection of Jesus is a pledge of the resurrection of his people, for he conquered death, not for himself only, but for them. Cold is the bosom of the grave, and firm are its embraces; but those firm embraces shall be loosened, and the captive be set free. *Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory.* Oh!

grave, where is thy victory? oh! Death where is thy sting?

THIS IS THE CONSUMMATION OF THE SALVATION OF THE FALLEN CHILDREN OF ADAM—the re-union in immaculate purity of the soul and body, once doomed to be separated, as the punishment of sin; but this is not the full consummation of the Saviour's work. When God reigned as the Law-giver in Israel, he appointed that the inheritance of his people should *not be sold for ever*, but should be restored at the year of jubilee to its ancient possessor. Yea, and earth shall have her year of jubilee, for the Apostle of the Gentiles speaks of the sealing of the spirit of promise as being *the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession*. Yea, and earth received her earnest of redemption, when she was baptised with the blood of the Incarnate, as sweating great drops of agony, he writhed in the garden of Gethsemane. The burden of poet's songs and prophet's visions shall yet be accomplished, and the trumpet of jubilee shall sound throughout the world. The cry shall be raised in heaven, "HALELUJAH! FOR THE LORD

GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH ;" and earth, with all her rocks and all her caves, her mountains and vallies, her cities and forests, her hills and flowing streams, shall re-echo the gladsome cry, "HALLELUJAH ! FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH !" The heathen and the sceptic may say, "*all things continue as they were since the Fathers fell asleep, and where is the promise of his coming ?*" But the day of the Lord shall come, though it seem to tarry. Heaven and earth shall pass away rather than that one of his promises shall fail. Even now there are tints of grey in the East, which tell the coming of the morning. The Jew is returning to the land of his fathers, and embracing that Redeemer whom those fathers set at naught. Among the Gentiles there is fear, too, and shaking of nations, and "*men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for the looking for of these things which are coming on the earth. The fig-tree putteth forth her leaves and buddeth, and the time of the gathering of figs is at hand.*" Already the thunder of the Redeemer's chariot wheels is "echoing across the distant worlds of light ;" already the first faint streaks of his coming glory have shot athwart

the darkness of our hemisphere. Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah ! the promises of God shall be accomplished, and the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as with the waters of the ocean are filled the vast caverns of the deep.

THIS IS THE CONSUMMATION OF SALVATION IN THE REDEMPTION OF MAN'S LOST POSSESSION : but it shall meet with a higher and a wider consummation still. It is written that Jesus shall *reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet* ; and that *at his name every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth ; and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father*. The great transactions of redemption, of which earth has been the theatre, are not confined to earth in their effects. *The mystery which from the beginning of the world was hid in God* has been made known by the sacrifice of Christ ; and now *to principalities and powers in heavenly places is known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God*. A full exhibition of the moral attributes of Deity, of his hatred to sin, and yet of love to his erring crea-

tures, shall be made to all creation ; and then the dark curtain shall close upon the chequered scenes of time. Then, then shall the Redeemer's work be accomplished, and THE CONSUMMATION OF SALVATION BE COMPLETE. Redeemed from death and from the power of evil by him who took upon himself the form of a creature, to cast them out for ever, the whole universe shall eternally rejoice in the richness of his love, and the brightness of his glory ; while they who rebelled against his sovereignty in the changing years of time, the vestibule of creation, shall be confined in chains and darkness, and *banished from his presence, and the glory of his power.* Then indeed shall the Saviour *see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.* Then that jubilate shall awake whose deathless echoes shall ring through all creation ; while the glad universe rejoices over a world that was lost, but is found. Then wider and wider shall be heard the song which angels awoke when the oppressors of earth were vanquished, and her kingdoms given up to her rightful Lord ; and every star that bespangleth immensity, and every planet that basketh in sunbeams while rolling onward round the throne of

the highest in illimitable space, shall through eternal ages, echo, and re-echo still, the glad acclamation, "HALLELUJAH ! FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH !"

THOUGHTS ON SALVATION.



CONCLUSION.

THOUGHTS ON SALVATION.

CONCLUSION.

SUCH, oh, Reader, is the salvation declared to us in Scripture, on the acceptance or rejection of which hangs thy everlasting doom. How great must be the value of that blessing, to purchase which the Son of the Eternal stooped to the limits of creatureship, and battled with death and with the powers of darkness! And how awful must be that destruction from which he thus died to save us! And wilt thou choose the perishing things of earth in preference to that treasure which will fill creation with rapture for ever and for ever? When for thee the Son of God endured such agonies, wilt thou reject with disdain the

gift which those agonies were endured to purchase? Alas! alas! the drowning mariner gladly enters the life-boat which will save him from death; the man whose house is in flames gladly avails himself of the ladder which his neighbours have conveyed to rescue him from destruction; the sick of body seeks eagerly the physician whose medicines will restore him to health; but he who is spiritually in a far worse condition than either of these, turns with loathing from the medicines which would heal him of his sorrows—refuses to make use of the ladder which would save him from destruction—rejects the aid of the life-boat which would carry him in safety over the dark ocean of death!

And shall the voice of love and mercy plead in vain, when love hath opened its arms and bared its bosom to receive the returning wanderer? Hark to the invitation which sounds from Calvary, from Heaven —“Return! Come!”

There are no hard conditions to perform, no works of merit needed to procure salvation.

Free as the dews of heaven, it is offered without money and without price. Accept it, and it is your's. "*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*"



H Y M N.

H Y M N.

“Mors mortis morti mortem, mors morte redemit.”*

ELLIS'S *Key of Faith*.

THEME of immortal glory, who can tell
Thy wonders? Let Creation's loudest notes
Awake, and up to heaven the rapturous song
Of holy triumph rise. Salvation! yes,
The lost and ruined are restored; the slaves
Of Sin and Satan made co-heirs with Christ
Of everlasting bliss; and Death, redeemed
From death by him who is the death of Death,
Rejoicing in immortal life, may smile
Upon the ruin of the world that is,
When the o'erchargèd elements shall melt,
And from the new-formed chaos shall arise
A better world, immortal and unstained.

Salvation! yes, the fires of wrath divine
Are quenched with blood—Immanuel's blood—the cross,
By the arch enemy of man designed

* Oh, Death! the death of Death hath by death redeemed
Death from death.

To overthrow the work of God, and add
Another victim to the power of Death—
Is as a chariot of victory,
On which the agonising Saviour rides
To meet the fell destroyer of our race,
And crush him 'neath its weight. Atoning blood
Raises its voice to heaven ; and mercy smiles
To see the thunder-bolts of vengeance quenched,
And “pardon” written on the gates of woe.

Salvation ! let hosannas ring o'er earth,
And hallelujahs fill the heaven of heavens,—
The warfare is accomplished, sin destroyed,
And ruined nature—by the fall undone—
Starts up to life and liberty again.

.

THE END.

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

Lately Published by

LONGMAN AND Co., PATERNOSTER-ROW,
LONDON;

And may be had by Order of all Booksellers.

I.

HEBER, RECORDS OF THE POOR, LAYS
FROM THE PROPHETS, and other POEMS.
Second Edition, 12mo., cloth, 5s.

"John Milton, were he in flesh, might proudly claim
the Author as a kindred soul."—*Monthly Magazine*.

"One of the most exquisitively beautiful poems with
which it was ever our lot to meet."—*Churchman*.

"The lover of good poetry, provided he love it not the
less for its connection with sacred themes, will find here
true poetry, and poetry of no ordinary character. Had
he written nothing else, this volume would entitle him
to his place among *the poets* of the day."—*Watchman*.

"He has the sterling soul of poetry, and with the
genius to conceive high thoughts, he lacks not the ability
to utter forth his pure imaginings."—*Halifax Guardian*.

"The poetry is, in almost every page, pregnant with
beauties—rich and impassioned touches—soft and melo-
dious music. There is also no lack of strength and
vigour, in contact with human agony, whenever the bent

of the story demands the use of those attributes. We should advise all admirers of poetic purity and beauty to read and judge for themselves."—*Berrow's Worcester Journal*.

"In our humble judgment, this work stands pre-eminent; and, as respects poetry and piety, it should be ranged in the same class with the 'Night Thoughts,' and 'Pollock's Course of Time.'—*Shropshire Conservative*.

"Mr. Ragg ■ ■ has realised all the anticipations of his friends, and has received the applause of critics, whose award is fame."—*Record*.

"The verse of Mr. Ragg does not possess the polish which such men as Bishop Heber and Mr. Milman have given to their compositions, but he far surpasses them in originality and strength; and the truly Christian character of his poetry entitles him to the gratitude and esteem of all good men."—*Wesleyan Magazine*.

"Mr. Ragg's poetry may fairly rank with that of a Shelly for its genius, with this great point of superiority to his predecessor, that his verses breathe forth the religious spirit of a Pollock."—*Midland Monitor*.

II.

THE DEITY, a POEM, in Twelve Books, by THOMAS RAGG, with an INTRODUCTORY ESSAY by ISAAC TAYLOR, Esq., Author of "*The Natural History of Enthusiasm*," &c. Demy 12mo., cloth, (Second Edition), 7s.

"Every page discovers proofs of a vigorous understanding, a correct taste, great stores of fancy, a wonderful flow of elegant and appropriate language, and very considerable powers of versification. Above all, the skill he displays in the difficult art of 'reasoning in poetry,' an

art in which, according to Johnson, Pope himself was deficient, entitles Mr. Ragg to high praise."—*Times*.

"The versification is remarkable for its flow, strength, and harmony. The extraordinary range of thought and reflection on difficult subjects shows a vigorous and comprehensive mind, and the tone and temper demand great praise."—*British Magazine*.

"‘The Deity,’ a Poem, is an extraordinary production,—a blank verse treatise on the most august subject that can possibly occupy the attention and employ the pen of mortal man: and we hesitate not to say that, though Mr. Ragg has entered widely on his great theme, he has admirably sustained himself, both as a metaphysician, a poet, and a Christian. He possesses the happy art, and to a considerable extent, too, of making, if we may be allowed to use language often applied to Deity himself, ‘hard things easy.’"—*Methodist New Connection Magazine*.

"Here have we a proof of what the mind may do. One would hardly suppose a factory a garden for poetry or philosophy, yet Mr. Ragg seems to make it both. He weaves a garden of sweet thoughts and brilliant images, and gathers the flowers of song, in the midst of laborious toil, to strew them with a lavish hand before the world. And such poetry,—such philosophy—charming us with their beauty, or enchanting us as with a spell."—*Salisbury and Wiltshire Herald*.

"We have here to notice the arising of another poet among the people—another of those ardent spirits in whom narrow circumstances and unceasing labour have not been able to quench utterly the spark of living fire, nor wholly to silence that voice whose speech is not to be mistaken. Where he is not didactic or argumentative, our poet is smooth and nervous in his verse, with an enthusiasm which can neither be put on or got up. There

is a certain freedom in his use of language, too, which is a sign of good promise."—*Athenæum*.

"I might be tempted to hazard my reputation (as a critic, at least,) by saying that no poem equal to it has been given to the public since 'The Course of Time.'"—*James Montgomery*.

"It will be a deep disgrace to the religious public if a work like this fails to secure the most extensive encouragement."—*Eclectic Review*.

"There are more real beauties than we have seen in any single volume of poetry for a long while."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

III.

THE MARTYR OF VERULAM, and other POEMS, by the same Author. Demy 12mo., sewed, 2s., cloth, 2s. 6d.

"What Mr. Ragg has accomplished is surprising, an age ago it would have been thought wonderful. I do not recollect ever seeing a more beautiful little piece than 'Why does the sun go down?' It ought to find its way into all our popular selections."—*Dr. Southey*.

"Mr. Ragg has manifested the possession of talents equal to those of the titled author of 'Childe Harold.'"—*Gospel Magazine*.

"The poetry is of an high order, always correct in its versification, often most elevated in sentiment. It is well worthy a place in the library of every Christian."—*Derbyshire Courier*.

"Mr. Ragg has acquired more than ordinary celebrity by his poem entitled 'The Deity,' which, considering all the circumstances connected with its composition, is unquestionably one of the most remarkable productions of genius in the English language. Nor will this small

work detract from his well-earned fame. It shows the same deep and original tone of thought, and is rich in evangelical sentiment."—*Wesleyan Magazine*.

"A delightful production, illustrating the history of Alban, the first English martyr. It is told with much pathos; and many sentences of real beauty might be pointed out."—*Zion's Casket*.

"This work is highly creditable to its author, both as a literary and a Christian man."—*New Wesleyan Magazine*.

IV.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE, LYRICS FROM THE PENTATEUCH, AND OTHER POEMS, by the same Author. Demy 12mo., cloth, 5s.

"The purchaser of this volume will enrich his shelves by the addition of much delightful poetry. Religious sentiment and amiable feeling are the characteristics of the whole; and we have not read throughout the author's productions 'one line which dying he would wish to blot.' Among the 'Sketches from Life' are some extremely touching. We select for quotation, although somewhat long, 'Burnt Row,' a tragical incident, simply and pathetically narrated in the fine old ballad style."—*Ward's Miscellany*.

"'Caradoc' contains passages of truly splendid poetry."—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

"The Poem entitled 'Night' especially evinces great power of thought and singular beauties of expression."—*Literary Gazette*.

"We are assured that the religious part of the community will derive much pleasure and profit from a perusal of this excellent little volume. It breathes a

spirit of elevated piety through all its pages."—*Monthly Magazine*.

"In taking our leave of this precious treat we must say there is everything to soften the most obdurate disposition, to irradiate the understanding, and to animate the soul to sympathise with suffering humanity."—*Theological Review*.

V.

THE LYRE OF ZION, a SELECTION OF POEMS, SACRED AND DEVOTIONAL, from Ancient and Modern Authors. Demy 18mo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

"A poet is the best judge of what is really poetical, and we are therefore glad that Mr. Ragg has turned his attention to the compiling a book of sacred and devotional melodies. * * * It is neither the largest nor the most complete work of its class; but it has more poetry in it than any of its predecessors."—*Midland Monitor*.

BOOKS AND TRACTS

PUBLISHED BY

T. RAGG AND CO.,

16, SPICEAL-STREET, BIRMINGHAM,

AND MAY BE HAD BY ORDER OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE VILLAGE VOLUNTARY, a Tale, intended to illustrate the workings of the Voluntary Principle, if unchecked by a National Establishment. Reprinted from the pages of "THE MIDLAND MONITOR," with Appendices, &c. by the Author. Foolscape 8vo, cloth, 4s. London: Hamilton and Co.

ANTICHRIST DETECTED. A Sermon preached at St. Thomas's Church, Birmingham, by the Rev. W. MARSH, Rector. 8vo., price 6d. Hamilton and Co., London.

REASONS WHY THE PROTESTANT CHURCH HAS UNIFORMLY REJECTED THE DOCTRINE OF PURGATORY. By HENRY BUNN, Master of the Endowed School Rowley Regis. 12mo., cloth, 2s. 6d., Hamilton and Co., London.

THE FORM OF CONSECRATING CHURCHES according to the Ritual of the CHURCH of ROME, abridged from the Roman Pontifical, and literally translated into English by a CLERGYMAN. 2d.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED, "Can a PROTESTANT with a safe CONSCIENCE attend the Popish WORSHIP?" Translated from the Latin of BISHOP DAVENANT. By a CLERGYMAN. 1d. Seeley and Burnside, London.

HAPPINESS, its Nature and Sources described, and mistakes concerning it corrected. By J. A. JAMES, author of the "Anxious Inquirer," &c. &c. Second Edition. 32mo., cloth, gilt edges, 1s. Hamilton, Adams, and Co, London.

IANTHE, and other POEMS. By GEORGIANA BENNET. Second Edition. Demy 12mo., cloth, 4s. Longman and Co., London.

HEBER, RECORDS OF THE POOR, THE LYRE OF PROPHECY, and other POEMS. By THOMAS RAGG. Second Edition. Demy 12mo., cloth, 5s. Longman and Co., London.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE, LYRICS FROM THE PENTATEUCH, and other POEMS. By THOMAS RAGG. Demy 12mo., 5s. Longman and Co., London.

THE DEITY, a Poem, in 12 Books. By THOMAS RAGG ; with an Introductory Essay by ISAAC TAYLOR. Second Edition. Demy 12mo., 7s. Longman and Co.,

THE MARTYR OF VERULAM, and other POEMS. By THOMAS RAGG. Demy 12mo., cloth, 2s. 6d., stiff covers 2s. Longman and Co., London.

THE LYRE OF ZION, a Selection of Poems, sacred and devotional, from ancient and modern authors. By THOMAS RAGG. Demy 18mo., cloth, 2s. 6d. Hamilton and Co., London.

BLOSSOMS OF POESY. By GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS. Royal 18mo., cloth, 4s. Longman and Co., London.

